



Idaho Naturalist news

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The Idaho Naturalist News is a quarterly newsletter of the Idaho Master Naturalist Program.

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Send newsletter contributions to Linda Kahn at hcmc214@yahoo.com.

Pend Oreille Master Naturalists Awarded

Cindy Wolcott, Idaho Master Naturalist, Pend Oreille Chapter



Clem Yonker & Lori Getts were honored as 2015 "Idaho Fish and Game Panhandle Region Volunteers of the Year" at the Pend Oreille Chapter Master Naturalist annual luncheon. Pete Gardner, our Volunteer Coordinator with Idaho Fish & Game, presented this deserving couple with a beautiful duck print and plaque. Their names were also added to the "Idaho Fish and Game Panhandle Region Volunteer of the Year" plaque that is displayed in the Fish & Game office in Coeur d'Alene. Clem, the chapter President and Lori, the Secretary, work tirelessly keeping our chapter running

as well as engaging in other volunteer work. Their contributions include, but are not limited to, netting Kokanee and transporting them to be released, installing blue bird boxes in a Wildlife Management Area, and representing our chapter at the statewide Rendezvous. This couple has proved time and again they are willing to go the extra mile and this chapter is excited that they were chosen.

Poetry

Lupines give beauty

And enrich their surroundings

We should do the same



Photo and poem by Bob Ellis, Idaho Master Naturalist, Sagebrush-steppe Chapter.

Lichen Survey

Tony Appelhans, Idaho Master Naturalist, Upper Snake Chapter

On May 14, several Master Naturalists from the Upper Snake Chapter participated in the BioBlitz Lichen survey at Craters of the Moon National Monument. Accompanied by a Girl Scout group from Idaho Falls, the participants surveyed an area on the Tree Molds trail with park rangers.



Photo credit: Gloria Jakovac, Idaho Master Naturalist, Upper Snake Chapter

Upper Snake Chapter-2016 Class

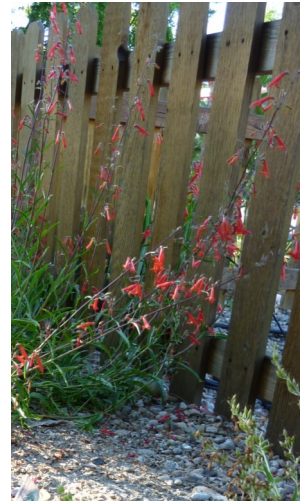


Welcome to 21 new Idaho Master Naturalists to the Upper Snake Chapter! Training coordinator and Idaho Master Naturalist Pegge Steele is pictured far left.

Penstemons-A Perfect Perennial

Mary Ann Newcomer, Idaho Master Naturalist, Sagebrush-steppe Chapter

There are so many perennials that work well in gardens in the Rocky Mountain region that it would be foolhardy to single out one particular family. But, the penstemons truly stand out. They work well in firewise plantings, waterwise and xeric gardens, rock gardens, and any perennial border. More than 250 different penstemons have been identified world-wide. They even have their own society, The American Penstemon Society. Find them on the web at www.apsdev.org, and they have their own Facebook page!



Why have a human-made hummingbird feeder that you have to fill, clean, disinfect, and worry about getting fermented when you can have a penstemon? Hummingbirds love them, you don't have to scrub them, and they are beautiful.

If you plant certain native penstemons in your yard, you can ensure beautiful blooms from early spring to late fall, keeping the color and nectar for the whole season.



Red penstemon pictured above is *Penstemon barbatus*. On the bottom row, from left to right, *Penstemon venustus* (Venus Penstemon), *Penstemon strictus* (Rocky Mountain Beardtongue or Rocky Mountain Penstemons), *Penstemon attenuatus* (sulphur penstemon). Photos by Susan Ziebarth, MKNC.

Master Naturalists Welcome 7th Graders

Sara Focht, Idaho Master Naturalist Program Coordinator

When I received the request to bring 350 7th graders to the MK Nature Center on one day, I paused for a moment. But the moment did not last long, as I knew I could rely on the brave and faithful Master Naturalists from the Sagebrush-steppe Chapter. Just enough people showed interest and the event turned out well!

Sawtooth Middle School in Meridian, Idaho spent the entire day at Municipal Park and the MK Nature Center in early April. Their fabulous teachers recruited professionals from all over the valley to put on 6 learning stations. The Nature Center hosted two of those stations. Most of the 7th graders attending the field trip were able to tour the Nature Center with a Master Naturalist Guide, learn about composting, play a food web game, get their hands on a live crayfish, and visit our taxidermy collection in the visitor center.



Photos left to right, top to bottom: Master Naturalist Kevin Laughlin enthusiastically leads 7th graders around the Nature Center stopping at the choice spots for fish viewing. Master Naturalist Patrice Davies waits for kids to arrive at her station. Master Naturalist Dave Hopkins uses his expert knowledge of composting to help the kid explore in the worm pile. IDFG Conservation Education Supervisor, Vicky Runnoe and MK Nature Center employee Alex Rheault join Master Naturalists Margit Donhowe and Sandy Kurka guiding students. Steven Berg staffed the crayfish station. Michelle Meyers helped with crayfish. Not pictured are Melissa Jannusch, educator at MK Nature Center, and Master Naturalist Corrine Christ who was the photographer for the day.

Counting Sage Grouse

Sara Focht, Idaho Master Naturalist Program Coordinator

Wildlife Biologists have the daunting task of counting individuals to determine wildlife population sizes. The species being counted will determine the protocol for counting and protocols come in all shapes and sizes. Listening for sounds, spying in dens, using helicopters, drones, cameras, computers, and old fashioned on-the-ground counting are just a few ways animals are counted. Researchers from US Geological Survey, Brigham Young University, Idaho State University, and University of Idaho have been involved in testing a new technique for counting sage grouse. Typically, sage grouse are counted on their breeding grounds (lek) by biologists who are positioned with scopes. Helicopters are effective, but expensive. The new technique involves a cooled infrared (AIR) camera mounted to a gyro stabilization unit in a fixed – wing airplane (see photo below from this camera).

Researchers tested the AIR method to determine if they were capable of providing an accurate count of birds among sage brush plants, rocks, and other landscape features. Researchers also tested to see if this method could be used for smaller species, such as sharp-tailed grouse. It was determined that the cameras were capable of being accurate counters for sage grouse and smaller species and thus has been adopted for use!

When methods of counting animals or plants change due to better technology, there is the danger of “seeing a trend” in populations that is not actually there but rather, is a result of the change in how an animal is counted. So the final objective of the research is to test ground counting with the AIR method and this is where the Idaho Master Naturalists came in.

Master Naturalists worked in pairs at leks to count birds at the same time AIR cameras were passing overhead. The data are preliminary, but no matter what the result of this test will be, it will help determine how best to use valuable resources and count birds to get the most accurate results.



Photo by Don Webber.



Don and Sheri Webber were among the Idaho Master Naturalists who assisted with this research. Photo by Don Webber. Other project volunteers include Cyndi Coates, Nancy Dewitt, Jim Dewitt, Lauren Studley, Sean Finn, Jodi Brandt, Valerie Connor, Erika Kaszczyszyn, Mike Reisenleiter, Ken Miracle, Lorna Snowden, Brian Long, Gail Gillette, Perry Gillette, Damon Gillette, Dennis Smith, Don and Sheri Weber, Robert Cherry, John Soderquist, Dave Godfrey, Jerry Steed, Kate Anderson, Al Anderson Peggy Wyman, Bill Scheiss, Austin Gillette.



A photo provided from the AIR camera shows distinct white dots, which are sage grouse on the lek. Photo provided by Gifford Gillette.

Forestry Work Along the Spring Board Trail

Carolyn Warden, Terri Bryant, and Tom Crawford, Idaho Master Naturalists, McCall Chapter

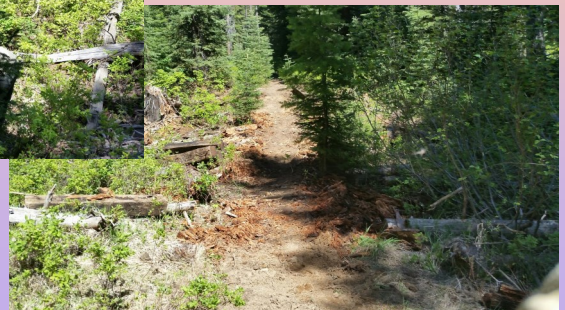
Ponderosa State Park is home to the unique Western Larch (*Larix occidentalis*), which is a deciduous conifer tree. Larch blends in with evergreens in the spring and summer. In the fall they are especially easy to pick out speckled across the park and the surrounding mountains because their needles change to a brilliant golden color prior to shedding throughout the winter.

Prior to 1920, some Western Larch were growing in the North Beach Unit of Ponderosa State Park, which is primarily wetland or beach. The 1920s brought a surge of logging to support the local community. Many larch were felled in the winter, and then floated across the lake to the mill after the thaw in the spring; there they were processed and used as railroad ties or fence posts. Loggers used “Misery whipsaws,” which are two-person cross-cut saws, for felling. The anatomy of large larch trees caused the loggers to cut notches in the tree’s flared bole, then insert springboards above the flare so each sawyer had better footing and could stand level to one another. Stumps with springboard notches can still be seen from the Spring Board Trail, which is located about 1 mile from the Eastside North Beach Parking Lot.

In early June, on National Trail Day, there was a different type of forest work being performed along the Spring Board Trail. Scoutmaster, and Idaho Master Naturalist, Tom Crawford was leading Troop 246 in clearing the trail and removing an old boardwalk that hasn’t had water under it for close to five years. Crawford’s troop focuses on conservation as one of their core values and is made up of mostly 13-14 year olds. The Boy Scouts are sponsored by the McCall Optimist Club and are perfecting knot tying, outdoor cooking, and camping skills. The troop worked hard at demolishing the broken down boardwalk, hauling the heavy lumber out along the trail, and repairing the trail’s tread. Troop 246 will continue to build their conservation experience through partnering on projects with Ponderosa State Park, Payette National Forest, and the Idaho Master Naturalists. The work they do honors both our local history and the continued preservation of our natural environment.



Photos by Terri Bryant.



Springtime at Wood Duck Box #9

*Alice Crocket, Idaho Master Naturalist, Sagebrush-steppe Chapter
Photos by Steve Bly*

In the Spring, Wood Duck pairs search for nest cavities in early morning. For Wood Ducks (Woodies), holes in trees and bird boxes are potential homes. Mr. Woody, resplendent in colorful plumage and with a beckoning call, will stand outside a potential home while Mrs. Woody inspects the site.

In this true story, Mrs. Woody settles into Box #9 and begins to pluck the down feathers from her breast for her new nest. This is in preparation for her upcoming egg-laying of up to 11 dull white eggs; one egg per day. During egg laying, Mr. Woody will accompany Mrs. Woody to the nest site each day.

However, there are times when Mr. Woody is such a handsome fellow, that there can be a rivalry or perhaps just an opportunity for “egg dumping”. Miss Woody swoops down and perches atop Box #9 to see what is available for her. Could she possibly entice Mr. Woody? Or is she practicing ‘egg-dumping’ where she lays her eggs in Mrs. Woody’s nest hoping to leave them to be raised by Mrs. Woody?



Inside, Mrs. Woody will lay eleven eggs, usually one a day. After her last egg is laid, incubation will last 27 to 30 days. All her ducklings will hatch on the same day. They will see their mother and imprint immediately. Within 24 hours after her ducklings hatch, Mrs. Woody will leave the nest and begin calling to her young. Woodies are one of the few duck species that have strong claws for gripping. The ducklings will use their clawed feet to climb to the box’s opening, then jump, one by one, into the water and head toward their mother. Today, Mrs. Woody is waiting for them in Logger’s Creek. As they splash down, she calls them to her.



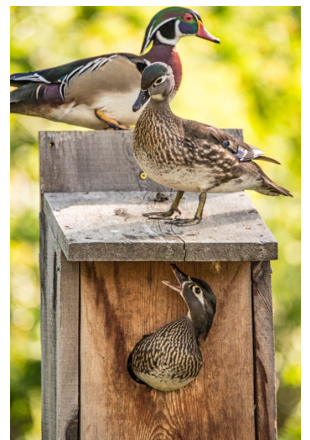
The commotion brings another visitor—a sinister visitor who is up to no good in a carnivorous way. A wild mink, hungry for ducklings, hears splashing at Box #9 and approaches. The mink cannot climb to its expected dinner. Metal flashing on the upper part of the pole stops the mink from climbing up to the box when it is full of ducklings.

But, now, dinner is in the water. Thank goodness for photographer Steve—he chases the mink away and saves the day! The ducklings have had a soft landing in Logger’s Creek.

There are times when Wood ducklings jump to land and have to travel to water. They may jump from heights of over 50 feet without injury. The

little Woodies instinctively know what to eat once they have jumped from their nest.

They need protein and feed on crustaceans, small fish, insects and larvae. As they grow, they’ll add aquatic plants, nuts and fruit to their diet. After the hatch, Miss Wood Duck peers into Box #9



In the evening, Mrs. Woody will find shelter for herself and her ducklings for the night. The ducklings will need about seven more weeks before they learn to fly. During this time, they will follow their mother for safety and to find food. Ducklings become fledglings after two and a half months. By early Autumn, the fledglings will begin to put on their adult plumages.



Photography by Steve Bly, International Photography Award Winner & member of American Travel Writers for 24 years.

Milk Chocolate Snake

Lauretta McKinney, Idaho Master Naturalist, McCall Chapter

One summer, as I was walking by my truck, I noticed something that looked like a long piece of melted milk chocolate underneath it. Of course, I prodded it with a stick and it moved. It was a snake! Never having seen one like this, I went directly to the Internet and “Googled” it and the following is what I found out and wanted to share with others who have never seen one either.

Genus: *Charina*, derived from the Greek word “graceful.” Species: *bottae*, named for an Italian explorer who discovered it in the 1820s, Paolo Emilio Botta.

It is commonly known as the Rubber Boa and is a native Idahoan. Its range extends to many of our neighboring states as well. The adult boas come in various shades of brown and a uniform color throughout with a lighter colored belly. Young snakes are pink and look like smooth earth worms. Males are up to 21 inches long and females to 26 inches long.

Rubber Boas may live up to 20-plus years in the wild and have been known to live as long as 50-plus years in captivity. They are nocturnal/crepuscular. Much of their life is spent underground in abandoned rodent tunnels and rock fractures. They hibernate in the winter. The boas are not heat tolerant and will seek out Cooler surroundings and moisture. They have been known to migrate if the surrounding living conditions are inadequate.

Rubber Boas prey on young rodents, baby birds, and baby bats. They are prey to the typical predators such as birds of prey, raccoons, skunks, moles, coyotes, and cats. They rarely move swiftly. They are very docile snakes and can easily be handled, but not too roughly or they may musk you; secreting a very smelly odor onto your hand.

Oh – the very next day, I met the same fella when I opened a cupboard in my camper. Surprise! I picked him up and relocated him outside. Given the population of mice in the camper he probably wasn’t too happy about that.



A northern rubber boa. Photo by Todd Battey. Flickr CC BY ND 2.0

A Tale of Three Bears

Or A Funny Thing Happened on the Way to the Bear Release

Ken Olson, Idaho Master Naturalist. Upper Snake Chapter

This is a cautionary tale of how three young black bears found their way from McCall Idaho to the far eastern border of Wyoming.

And so it begins... June 10th.

James approaches Collett and me about helping IDFG transport a black bear from the Snowden Wildlife Sanctuary, near McCall, to the Challis area. Should be no big deal-we have transported bear cubs from Idaho Falls to Boise to be taken up to the Snowden center in years past. Since this was a much longer trip it would require an overnight stay in McCall followed by a half day transporting the bears. The only new twist this time is that it's rare for IDFG to take back and release black bears.

June 14...

Collett and I pack up our clothes and our dog with her kennel and head over to Region 6 IDFG to pick up a truck with the crate in the back for the bear. First new change...looks like it will be a *two* bear transfer. No problem... we have two crates. Also, we are to arrive at Snowden by 6AM on the morning of the 15th to load the bears. The trip over to McCall is mostly uneventful other than it's a beautiful drive and my first time there. We get in around 4PM. A quick call to James to let him know we arrived safely reveals that the bear transfer count has now grown to possibly three. *Three bears...two crates?* OK. Onward. We are notified that Curtis may also be there in the morning to watch the proceedings. Turns out the hotel breakfast begins at 6:30AM and ends at 9AM....so it looks like no breakfast in the morning...darn.

June 15th...

The alarm goes off at 4AM and we drag our tired old bodies out of bed, pack up our stuff and dog and enjoy the sunrise as we make the seven mile trip out to Snowden. We bounce along the last 200 yards of dirt road and arrive at a desolate compound. We wait a few minutes hoping others will soon arrive. It only got quieter. A quick call to the center reveals the just awakened member of the Snowden staff who creeps out onto the porch of her cabin in PJs holding her phone and letting me know she thinks the time had been changed to 8AM. "A-OK," I say but give a quick call to Curtis to make sure time has been changed. The mere sound of his awakening voice was enough to assure me the time had indeed changed. Curtis pulls himself together from his sleep and immediately goes into professional mode and confirms the time change and apologizes profusely. Onward.

Collett and I look at each other and can only dream of the two additional hours of sleep we could have had. Oh well, as with many projects we have worked on we have learned to roll with the punches and move forward. Quickly we realize we have time to get back to the hotel and have breakfast and still make it back in time. YEAH!

While at breakfast I give a shout out to James. He was aware of the time change but just realizes he had given Jeff at the Snowden Sanctuary my home number and not my cell phone. Onward... As we head over to Snowden we call our home phone and sure enough the message is there as well as a new one from that morning from Jeff letting us know he had waited for us at the IDFG office in McCall and thought we were lost and he was now heading over to the Sanctuary. We pull in and life is abundant this time...four staff members led by Meagan eagerly ready to help us get the truck staged for the transfer. Jeff arrives shortly after us with all the medications needed to sedate the bears and prep them for the transport.

One of the most exciting days of my life. I get to go into the bear compound where the night before, four black bears have been trapped in culvert traps. I get to stand by as Jeff uses a long stick to inject the sedatives into the bears. It takes effect within minutes. Jeff, Meagan and I, in a joint effort, open the culvert trap and begin to move the bears out one at a time. We place the first bear in a large tub in order to carry his limp body out of the compound and near the transport truck. We attach tags on the bear and give him a shot for worms. We then lift the bear up into the awaiting crate on the rear of the truck and with a final roll of his body we get him deep into the crate. This is repeated two more times. Oh, you might remember there are now three bears being transported in two crates. We kind of eyeballed their weight and placed what we felt were the smallest bears into one crate. Now all the bears had to do was to hang tough for the next four to five hours until they arrive at their new home near Challis. Onward.

We head to Boise for the first leg of the trip. I have to drop Collett off in Boise; as it happens she was heading there in the first place to attend a convention. I am also required to call Steve, the IDFG guy I am to meet in Arco to assist him with the bear drop. A quick call and Steve says he has an appointment that day, but will make adjustments to help with the bears and to call him once I leave Boise. I just figured he had a routine appointment. It was a little fun going down Hwy 55. There were a lot of construction stops and it was interesting to see the flagmen's reactions to the growls coming out of the crates as we pass.

Two hours later I am leaving Boise and give Steve a quick call to update my progress. Steve lets me know that it turns out he had a personal emergency. He said he would still try to meet me in Arco. I was blown away by his dedication to his job and the completion of this task. I got off the phone and just could not let him worry about bears while he had other things far more important he needed to tend to. I called James right away and explained the situation and how we needed to get someone else to fill in for Steve. James jumped into action to help his fellow IDFG staff as well as a volunteer with three bears in the back of his truck. About a half hour later, James called back; he has lined up Josh to help out since he was already leaving Idaho Falls and heading in my direction because he had a meeting in of all places, McCall. Shortly after, Josh calls me and we assess our locations and agree to meet in Arco. Twenty minutes later, I am passing through Picabo and Josh calls back. He is not sure about doing the bear release as this is something he has yet to attempt. He has asked Paul back in Idaho Falls to assist me with the bears. The bears would not be released in the Challis area...we would find somewhere around Idaho Falls. I was concerned this was going to add about three to four more hours of time the bears would be locked up in the crates without additional food or water, but Josh assured me all would be fine.

OK, newest plan...head to Idaho Falls. Onward.

I need gas and am entering the little town of Carey and notice the gas station has no one at the pumps so I figure that would be good for the bears not to be around a lot of noise. Well, just so happens another car pulls in alongside me. When I come to a complete stop, it seems the two bears in the same crate must have rolled into each other and a fight broke out. I looked in the rearview mirror, and the crate they were in was literally bouncing six to eight inches and the growling was intense. Remembering the crate doors were only being held closed by some fencing wire I am concerned the bears might somehow bust out so I grab the bear spray canister from its case in the passenger seat. I jump out, and having been around dogs all my life, I get the stupid idea to yell out in my southern accent, "SETTLE DOWN BACK THERE." Who would have guessed...it worked. They both stopped fighting, but were now looking at me like they had had enough of being in the crate and I was their new target. I then noticed a nice elderly lady standing next to the car that had pulled into the station with me. She looked at me and said, "Are those bears in the cages?" I responded, "Yes m'am, they are." With that, her eyes bugged out and she let out an, "OOOOOH," and jumped back into her car and drove off. I felt bad that we had alarmed her, but I will not soon forget the look on her face and her reaction. Tank filled, I head back out on the road and a few miles before Arco, Josh and I pass on the highway with a kind reassuring wave. Onward.

I gave James a call and he still can't believe how this day has gone and realizes we have long passed plan "B" and are somewhere around plan "F or G." He assures me he will call Paul and make sure he is waiting for me when I arrive. The bears seemed calm and my dog was sound asleep all the way back to Idaho Falls. It's 4:30PM and I roll into the IDFG office. I am approaching the 12th hour of this day trip. I get into the office and am greeted by Paul who was supposed to be enjoying a day off and was now trying to come up with a plan for a place to release the bears, all of which by now should have been running around somewhere near Challis. Paul was kind enough to see I am exhausted and says I can go on home...but after spending this much time with the bears, and having named them Huey, Dewey and Louie, I figured I needed to see them through to the end. (Yes, I know the first rule is NEVER name animals you're working with...I never said I was the brightest bulb.) Paul takes over the driving and we head out to the Palisades area, Paul's mind is still churning with possible locations for the bears. Onward.

We get up into the mountains and are traveling down a gravel road in hopes of finding a good place. We almost find a place but we find a small group of Scouts camping nearby so we move on and just as we think we found a place...we come across anglers in the water so it's a no-go. We don't give up hope and we continue the search. It's approaching 7PM and I am knee deep in some of the most wonderful stories Paul has lived. He has had an incredible short career with IDFG working on a lot of grizzly bear releases and he soon lets me know he has never done a black bear release and that there are certain protocols when doing a grizzly that we don't have in place on this trip. Our bears are in crates with no real release mechanism for letting them out safely. Paul lets me know that the only thing he could grab out of his office was a spool of kite string. Kite string? Yep, it might sound crazy...but after listening to all of Paul's adventures at IDFG, I somehow had no fear and just knew he would make it work. Onward.

After about another five miles, we noticed some wheel ruts going off from our gravel road and decide to give it a try. This is one of those moments when you just know there is a spirit above watching over us. I don't think we could have found a better place to release these three bears if we had planned this for months. About three acres of lush green vegetation with large yellow flowers surrounded by all the trees a bear could ever want and just for that extra touch...a stream rushing right through the middle of it all. If these bears were hoping for a paradise, Paul and I had found it for them.

Paul and I now had to figure out how to release the bears into their new digs. We rigged some kite wire to the main window of the crate in hopes we could use this to swing it open. We released all the wires holding the door shut with the exception of one small piece that was barely holding the door shut and tied some kite string to it. We ran both strings back to the cabin of the truck with the idea we would get inside and then through the window would pull the strings and the pin would pop and the door swing wide open and the bears would run off.

OK, you probably saw this coming. The string snapped as soon as we pulled and the pin remained and the door did not open. We looked at each other and then slowly got out...I am now holding two cans of bear spray and we re-rig the string; the pin is about one inch from opening. We quickly get back in the truck pull the string and SUCCESS! Two young bears are now running off and exploring. One stops to smell and eat a couple of flowers. The other runs up a nearby tree. We repeat the same task with the last bear...all was just about a go when the door swung inward and would not allow it to open. With a great deal of bravery Paul (heavy gloves on) reached around the bars of the window on the crate and was able to wiggle it back into place. Into the truck, strings pulled and again SUCCESS. We watched as this bear first headed down a shallow ravine and then up a tree.

We smiled and laughed and were glad to see the bears happy in their new location. I even caught a twinkle in Paul's eye that these bears were off in a good place. He does this kind of work all the time and is far braver than I could ever hope to be. It's now 8PM and we head back to the office and I enjoy hearing more of Paul's hair-raising experiences with grizzlies. Did I mention he is also the guy that hangs out of the side of helicopters to shoot nets to capture elk for collaring? A little after 9PM we arrive back at the office and I get all my gear and my dog Lakota packed up into my truck, say my goodbyes to Paul and arrive home about 10PM.

Seventeen hours after this day began I arrive home exhausted and covered head to toe in bear poo (I forgot to mention that earlier) that I wore as a badge of honor. With all the twists and turns in this adventure across Idaho, I would not have changed a thing. One of the best days ever! ONWARD.

This story may not fully convey how crazy this day seemed to be for all who were involved. It just kept evolving as circumstances dictated. The important message to take away from this story is how the wonderful men and women at the IDFG, separated by miles and talents, came together to help one another and overcome all obstacles to help a simple volunteer deliver three young bears to a wonderful location that only the spirit above could have provided.

I am so proud to work with everyone at IDFG and will take my wonderful experiences and memories to my grave. On behalf of Huey, Dewey, Louie, and myself, thank you all for the good hard work you do each and every day.

Master Naturalists Teach at Camas NWR

Richard Wisner, Idaho Master Naturalist, Upper Snake Chapter

Mary Dolven and Therese Lloyd have both known Camas National Wildlife Refuge for years. As IMN'ers they knew the potential of the area. Therese, an educator and Mary, a counselor, both clearly understand the challenges of today's youth. Both understand the concept of the "No Child Left Inside," the federally proposed legislation which intended to address the growing need to get kids away from their computer screens, interactive games etc., and into the field where they might be exposed to the natural, real world around them. Therese and Mary's adopted project, Let's Go Outside, Idaho, does that. Mary and Therese recognized the needs of the area youth and with the help of other community leaders brought this program to where it is today. Today Camas National Wildlife Refuge is being used for outdoor education, and has become a springboard for teaching youngsters and others about the out-of-doors.

Although retired, Therese maintains her teachers' certification. Like Therese, Mary brings a love of youngsters and the outdoors. They both manage this program's scheduling and resources. They taught their patrons and students and shared their years of accumulated knowledge.

Mary and Therese's time is almost up for this project. For now, the project will evolve incrementally over time. Any changes will entail resource commitments, time and money, and community support. Currently, proposals are being made for a new leader or leaders of the project. Their energy and dedication will be fine examples to follow. The community, Camas National Wildlife Refuge, and most of all their charges and patrons have benefitted. Good Job, Ladies.

Significant collaborators: Therese Lloyd, Mary Dolven, Camas National Wildlife Refuge, U.S. Fish and Wildlife Service, Friends of Camas, Idaho Department of Fish and Game and the Idaho Master Naturalist Program.



Photo by Richard Wisner.